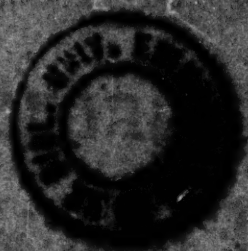


# EPIGRAMS

and Satyres:

N<sup>o</sup> 3.



Made by Richard Middleton  
of Yorke Gentleman.

*Veritas odium parit.  
Stantifirmè, nullus lapsus.*



LONDON,

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES for JOSEPH HARRISON  
dwelling at the signe of the Grey-hound in Pater  
Noster-Row. 1608.



EPICRAMS

W. 3.

and Satyres:



Made by Richard Middleton  
of Yorke Gentleman.

Stans firmus, nullus labitur.  
perit et odium parit.



LONDON,

Printed by Nicholas Oakes for Joseph Harrison  
dwelling at the sign of the Grey-hound in Paternoster-Row. 1608.



To the Gentleman of condigne  
desert *William Bellasse.*



O patron more then truth hath here set forth  
And art in these insuing Epigrams  
Shall iustifie, I'le not desire your worth;  
My merit shal not cringe with bended hauns  
To craue the censure of obstreperous tongues,  
To comprobate m' inulcerd innocence:  
What I haue writ imputed are no wrongs,  
But vnto such whose furie I'le not dispence,  
Mildly to iudge or at the least dissemble,  
To attribute each Histerologie  
Vnto themselves and at surmises tremble,  
Iudging to be what they'r not fit to be:  
For application now is growne a trade,  
And by construction, best the worst is made.

But if you deeme my stile too petulant,  
(Outstripping th' limits of chaste modesty)  
Or think mine elate verse too insolent,



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

(Shrouding great mens crimes in dishonestie.)  
Thinke that the passion to describe the error  
Of such apparant mischief, sweld in time,  
To a deformed Chaos, makes a terror  
In patientst breasts, much more in Satyres Ryme;  
Therefore I draine the sinewes of inuention,  
To further length, then reason would admit,  
Yet rightly iudge my muse no reprehension,  
Can iustly merit (so the best thinke fit)  
Yet this I me bold, and will auerre it true  
To saie, my verse onely hath forme from you,

**RICHARD MIDDLETON**

**EPIGRAMS**





## ETIGRAMS.

### *Ad Lectorem.*

**I**udge as thou list, I do not craue thy fauor,  
To please my selfe, I haue imployd my labor.  
Yet if thou'lt curteously thinke well of this,  
A second Booke shall mend, the first's amisse.

### *In Campalum.*

**C**ampalus scornes my verse, and what care I?  
I scorne him too, if he scorne Poetrie.

### *In Ebrum.*

**N**ow do I wish that the Egyptians order  
Might be obserued in our drunke disorder,  
That euery one might be inioynd to tie  
Vpon his head some bird or stinging flie,  
Who with her biting or her musicke making  
Might



## EPIGRAMS.

Might keepe the droufie drunkard still awaking.  
 For *Ebrius* lately drinking custome kept,  
 Till drunke he fell i' the streets, and there he slept.

*In Promum.*

**A**S this world goes ther's none are Gentlemen,  
 But those who are inricht with the earths treasure;  
 The time hath brought *Promus* to honor then  
 For he gets store of wealth by liquid measure.  
 Marrie his gentrie stands in his apparell,  
 And that's drawne from the Ale-stand and beare barrell.

*I loue no lasse but Nany.**In Machos.*

**I**F from these words mens thoughts did not dissent,  
 Each with his owne; full well would rest content:  
 But when they sing, *I loue no lasse but Nany*,  
 Their meaning is, *they feare not to loue any.*

*In Mercatorem.*

**M**ercator turned bancke'rupt of late,  
 But twas in policie to vphold his state;  
 For had he payd his creditors their due  
 (As by his bonds he was bound to deale true)  
 His wealth might haue beene in a small roome,  
 Or else himselfe laide low in earthly tombe;  
 But by forswearing he did purchase more,  
 And by his vsurie, still augments it more.



Tis a damn'd time when villaines periurie,  
Begins their states and stands with vsurie.

*In Longatum.*

**L**ongato amorous in his *Maia*s eie  
Praied her for a spurt of venerie,  
Consenting she his art' rizde strunt he drew,  
And to'es venereous game he hastily flew.  
Hastily begun; but th'end was not in haste:  
For two long houres *Longato* spent in waste  
Ere the distilling ardor of his reines,  
Bedewd his *Maia*s lust in satiate veines.

*In Eundem.*

**M**aia's forsake *Longato*s profred loue,  
For drunke of late, he swore no womand kinde,  
Should him vnto lasciuious habit moue:  
And then the drunk-proud-foole, waxed so kinde  
He like a Catamite, kist all men about him,  
While they laught at his follie and did flout him.

*In Eundem.*

**L**ongato is growne stout, I cannot blame him,  
For two houres lustfull combate cannot tame him.  
But he is proud I guesse the reason whie,  
His fundrie Punques manage his brauerie,  
For not the bare fees of a purscuant  
Maintaine his riot; no his saliant.



Insulting pace hath other pathes in store,  
And tracts his gaines from many a common whore.

*In Eundem.*

**M** *Aias* faire sonne, charm'd *Argus* hundred eies,  
But proud *Longato* charmes not *Maias* thighes.  
For worse then *Argus* eies they'le still be waking  
Till eies, thighes, lust, do fall a sleepe with shaking.

*In Eundem.*

**L** *Oogato'es* proude, he scornes to drinke with me,  
I'le be proud too, I scorne to write of thee.

*In Causidicum.*

**T**Wo neighbors dwelling both within one towne,  
At discord fell about a patched groune.  
And were so wilfull bent no friends aduice,  
Should end their suit, but onely lawes device.  
Intending thus to worke each others end,  
They commence suit and toward London wend.  
Trauailing along, one of them haps to finde  
A nutte shckt off the tree by Autumnes winde.  
The other seeing him stoope to the ground,  
Cride halfe of that, his neighbour there had found,  
Which he denide, and said, though twere a strawe  
Ere he would giue him halfe heele tri'te by lawe.  
But at the last, th'agreed he shoud haue it  
To whom after aduice the Lawyer gaue it;

The



The nutte was kept vnshalde: and on they goe:  
 Vnto the lawyer, whom in brieft they shoue  
 How by the way they found a nutte, and hee  
 Should hau't to whom his worship would decree;  
 The laweyr cald to see the nutte, (and as  
 These neighbours told the matter that did passe)  
 The craftie Lawyer crackt the shell in twaine  
 Eate vp the kernell; and in pleasant vaine,  
 Vnto each of these clients that hop'd well  
 He distributed equall halfe a shell.  
 This being done seeing they were deluded,  
 They greeu'd in minde, and twix't themselves concluded;  
 To leaue the lawe: for though they tooke all paines  
*Causidicus* would sure haue all the gaines;  
 For by this action they did vnderstand  
 The profits of their suits came to his hand.  
 Then taking leaue of him meriely they said,  
 This casting deed of yours, wise hath vs made;  
 The kernell you haue eate, and the shell nowe  
 (A fitt fee for your cause) we giue to you.  
 Come neighbour wee'le be friends, our suits are ended  
 A nutte is better lost then money spende.  
 Were Lawyers still vs'd thus, they might weare gownes  
 As totterd third-bare, as Friers shauen crownes.

*In Debanum.*

**F**Oure-*eid Debanus* with surueying care  
 Lookes earnestly at a rebellious haire,  
 Intending to correct th'insulting growth  
 Of that rebellions branch, when in good sooth,



The Gentleman with two eies on the stoole,  
Perceiues foure-ei'd *Debauus* is a foole,  
To let his owne affect swimme in high tide;  
To drowne himselfe in a presumptuous pride.

*In Maiam.*

**M***Aia* of late is turned Polititian,  
And *Laticero* an Arithmetician;  
In her erected front none can espie  
The littlest type of her dishonestie.  
Yet *Laticero* (who knowes well her guise)  
Counts sixty times hath beene betweene her thighes.  
And from himselfe by one can multiply,  
With twentie she hath vs'de lusts propertie.  
Thus *Maia* cannot keep her selfe to one;  
But lies with any ere she lie alone.

*In Eandem.*

**M***Aia* doth sweare shee'le be no more a punke,  
But when she swore so, surely she was drunke;  
Shee's married to a priest (most tall of limme)  
What will she be when she doth cuckold him?

*In Oenophilum.*

**E**Lat pancht *Oenophilus* doth affect my rime,  
And thinkes them not much different from the time.  
But know you how he got his censring wit?  
From the wine hoghead he exhausted it.



*In Vaginiam.*

**V** *Aginus* changeth good points into bad,  
Such as his friends do wish he neuer had;  
His trade he changeth into idlenes,  
Humilitie into disdainefulnes:  
Ciuitly to prodigality,  
And to disorder his formality.  
So that of all points that himselfe hath made,  
He keepes not one point to maintaine his trade:  
That if he turne not from his loitery,  
Hee'le turne himselfe to th point of beggerie.

*In Puriam.*

**A** T cards and dice *Puria* could neuer win,  
Therefore she loues no game but blunt pushpin.

*In Parcum & Prodigum.*

**A** Braule did grow twixt parcall vsurie  
And profuse riot, void of strangurie,  
Th'one terind retentive vice, frugalities  
The other his gentlemans qualitie.  
Words grew so hot, that neither each forbears,  
But closely fall together by the eares;  
Old father pukfist, knits his arteries,  
First strikes, then railes on *Riors* villanies  
*Prodigus* againe, sweares by the thing not euill,  
Ere he turne vsurer he will turne a deuill.



But had I there beene vmpier in the fray,  
The Diuell should then, haue Vfurie snatcht away.

*In Belum.*

**B**elus the iustice knight is verie wise,  
And in his iudgments, words and acts precise,  
In causes of huge moment and import;  
He'le not presume to deale in any sort:  
As leuying our Monarchs subsidies  
Taxes, tenthes, fifteenes and such seruices;  
But hee's the fittest man in knightly rage  
To make a seruant content with her wage:  
Which if she should refuse, this is his way,  
He doth command she sit in stockes all day.  
Thus Belus (wisely) in small faults doth prie,  
And lets great matters of the law slip by.  
But the truth is, Belus hath so small wit,  
That for small matters, he is onely fit.

*In Eundem.*

**B**elus hath purchased store of landes of late,  
Now let him purchase wit to stusse his pate.

*In Eundem.*

Had *Ierobōam* liued in these daies,  
Intending to erect Idolatrie,  
Two golden calves in *Bethel* he might raise,  
Without expenses of his treasure.

And



And male and female framed in their kind,  
So huge a paire a man can hardly finde.  
More honoured in the countrie for their goodes,  
Then *Ieroboams* calues in *Bethel* woodes.

*In Conitium.*

**I**Nto a brothell house *Conitius* turned,  
But he came home after his pricke was burned.

*In Eundem.*

**C***omitius* like a common hunted fox,  
Is craftie now, since he posselt the pox,  
And swears hee'le vse his wife and go no more,  
Into the hot concautie of a whore.  
Trust him who list, not I, let him forswear'em  
He can as well be hanged as forbear'em

*In Salternum.*

**S**Kipiacke *Salternus* in his mysterie.  
Is verie proud through peoples flatterie  
And dauncing well he likewise thinkes his sense  
Can manage matters of huge consequence:  
Therefore he apts his tongue to talke as round,  
As he doth frame his legges to musickes sound.  
But trust me by good prooffe, his talke is such  
As plainly shewes he loues to talke too much.

*In Tunacum.*

**T***unacus* had a feast, but stole away,  
And left his bidden gwestes the shot to pay.



*In Eundem.*

**O** Hatefull ! *Tusnachus* in his proud state,  
 Esteemesthem abiects whose vnworthy fate,  
 Hath throwne them lowe, and in a scornd disdaine,  
 Thinkes God cannot reare vp their state againe;  
 Thou worst of earth, and worst of the earths nought,  
 Bane to thy state, for fostering such a thought:  
 Thinkes thou thy basenes (shrouded in proud weedes)  
 Appears not to the world by thy loath'd deedes?  
 Assure they selfe they do, and thy blunt pen  
 (That makes thee swagger, so mongst gentlemen)  
 Maintaines not thy proud state: for who so lookes  
 Shall find thee fettered in the mercers bookes.

*In Theosilum.*

**A** Nd whither is she fled? or in what place  
 Hath pure Religion coupt her selfe from men?  
 That now she dare not manifest her face,  
 But like a shadow comes and goes agen?  
 I shadow like she comes and therefore dead:  
 For seeming pietie hath vsurpt her stead.

Suruey the doctrine of the learndst diuines,  
 And if their actions with their fawes agree,  
 Religion then those heauenly breastes confines;  
 And from all publike scandall ever free.

Ah! but their liues are euill, and yet we dare not (not.  
 Speake what we know, yet truth must speake and spare  
 Did



**D**Id *Theophilus* in his house reteine,  
A modest matrone chafffully appearing?  
And was she not let bloud in such a veine  
That *Theophilus* his discredit fearing,  
Would in *connubio iungere* this maid  
Vnto his man, who bobd her as t'was said?

**B**Vt (wisdome) he refus'd; thus ruminating  
If *socialis lecto* I adioine  
This others tried stuffe, some will be prating  
It was in conscience, cause the fact was mine.  
No I refuse her, time it selfe shall trie,  
Who was the author of this bastardie.

**T**His (wit) the man cleared a huge suspicion,  
Of the supposed crime; then iudge I pray,  
How nere the master was to lusts condition;  
Being in the house no other males but they.  
Yet the most earnest professors of the truth,  
May sometime swaue, and play a tricke of youth;  
Then *Theophilus* be not dismaid a whit,  
Lust made th' offence, though thou bear'st blame for it.

*In Torrvm.*

**C**Ause *Torrus* wants a beard, at the first sight,  
A man supposed him an hermaphrodite:  
Admiring that his statutes corpulencie,  
Should of beard-haires, haue such great indigencie.  
Yet though he want his beard I knew time when,  
That *Torrus* bearded twentie proper men.



*In Vesicanum.*

**V**hat's he? who? yon great man so corpulent,  
That he may seeme to beare the firmament  
vpon his shoulders; Oh let him alone,  
He once was counted vertuous and knowne:  
For gentle, courtuous and affable,  
That few to him might haue beene comparable.  
But since that damned fiend *Longatoes* pride  
Possess his breast all vertue set aside,  
Learning abandond, he falles now a bouzing,  
And hath no other ioy but in carouzing:  
So that thereby this credit he hath won  
Grosse as a hog to be, round as a tun.

*In Macrum.*

**M***acer* plaies well at bowles, but he hath lost  
As much as twentie vniust pardons cost.

*In Macrum.*

**M***acer* is leane, yet fats himselfe with gold,  
What he vniustly doth is not controld:  
He sues a pardon for a murthrers life,  
The strangler of her husband (accurst wife)  
And hangs the pilfring theefe whom pouerty  
Drew headlong into thefts enormity.  
Gold, she gaue *Macer*, said she would amend,  
Words, he gaue *Macer*, brought him to his end.

Justice



Iustice farewell, Iniustice I embrace thee,  
I will turne statesman, all I can i'le grace thee.

*In Flaminius.*

Faire plants most like good fruit to haue brought forth,  
Had not your pride diminished your worth;  
Yet though your wealth and statures be so high,  
Your pride doth merit lasting infamie.

*In Histrianum.*

What seruice *Histrionus* goes about,  
Tis for his masters credit out of doubt:  
If he and all his raggamuffins sect,  
Out of the summe of cities rogue select,  
In the high time of Sermon do frequent  
His maisters cellers, and incontinent  
Gulpe vp a hoghead of fresh double beare  
(That some to beare themselves do stand in feare)  
Yet *Histrionus* doubteth not to say,  
Tis his lords credit they go drunke away.  
Nay if he harbour with a whore all night,  
Tis his Lords credit he will sweare outright.  
Thus while his masters credit he would win;  
He wrackes his owne, for none will credit him.

*In Fabritium.*

His Sire a drunken smith his trade began,  
And yet his sonne must be a gentleman.



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EPIGRAMS.  
*Fabritius* I could well endure thy name,  
So thou hadst vertue to confirme the same.  
But (las!) what gentrie can there rest in thee,  
When base affects iumpe best with thy degree?

*In Virunam.*

**T**Rust me *Viruna*, I am greeu'd at thee,  
Thou wouldst so wilfull lose thy memorie,  
To exempt none at all from a whores name,  
When thou hast oft beene branded with the shame.  
But (if I do not iudge amisse) I deeme,  
As th'art thy selfe, others thou dost esteeme.

*In Nofyrum.*

**V**Hen one trade failes *Nofyrum* doth begin,  
To vse another for his gaine therein.  
As first the taylors nimning occupation  
He hath abandond; and in derogation  
Of that foolcs loftie trade, he hath betooke  
Himselfe a broker; in each merchants booke  
Hee's registred to take vp sundrie wares;  
For gentlemen (wherein he wants no shares:)  
For by his intercourse betweene them both;  
Both he deceiues, or else he would be loath.  
And his last trade, an office must be cald,  
Is catching men, a Sergeant hee's instald.  
Now would I know if any man can tell,  
For which of these sinnes must he go to hell,  
Stealing, deceit, or wilfull periurie,  
In Tailers, Brokers, or in Sergeants fee.



*In Eundem.*

**I**F Tailers, Brokers, Sergeants trades should faile,

What would *Nasrus* do to get his living?

Or in what office might he best preuaile,

For his most gaine, that men might still be giuing?

Then this I guesse (if he do not abhorre it)

To turne promoter hee's a fit man for it.

In the three last we may finde as much euill,

As feuerall temptations in the deuill.

As dangerous to this our common wealth,

As *Aconitum* to a sound mans health.

*In Glabreum.*

**G***Labrens* of late lay with a common whore,

But now he sweares, hee'le iogge wit her no more:

Cause to his labour she did adde this mead,

That time by time his haire fell from his head.

*In Eundem.*

**G***Labrens*, in age, thou needes not feare haire fall;

For happy thou in youth thou lost it all.

*In Confidicium & Medicum.*

**C***onfidicus* hast thou no eies to see,

*Pompilia* reuell in her luxurie?

Shall *Medicus* vsurpe thy nuptiall bed:



And plant brow-antlers on thy secure head?  
 Shall the dumbe trees on *Helicon* greene bankes,  
 Beare record thou art randg'd in cuckolds ranckes?  
 By a flin'd veniall for shame abhorre him,  
 None but lasciuious appetites cares for him.  
 But do as th' wilt, wer't my case as tis thine,  
 'Should giue no glysters more to me nor mine.

*In eosdem.*

**T**He Lawyer and Phyfition do agree  
 Almost both one in liuings sympathie;  
 The one by peoples pride, strife and disdainc,  
 Th'other by riotous surfets gets his gaine.  
 But in this case they both iumpe without strife,  
 That they both lodge with one lasciuious wife.

*In Dollabella.*

**S**ignior *Panocrates* in his sapiencie,  
 Saith this word Pulchritude is no eloquence.  
 Now to approue my rime in making verses,  
 A tale of *Dollabella* he rehearſes.  
 He ſaith *Dollabella* is ſo big,  
 And ſo imboſt with fat of ſwine and pig,  
 That he cannot with hands ſuperiors  
 Remoue the excrements from his poſteriors.  
 Therefore *Panocrates* ſaid, this fat groſſe hog,  
 Is ſtill aſſociate with a little dog,  
 who when his maſter walkes to *Aiax* ſeat,  
 T'auoid the ſuperfluity of his meat,

Ducly



Duely attends (said he) and is so kinde,  
Lickes with his tongue the excrements behinde  
But if his dogge be absent, what is then?  
He will not call his maides or seruingmen;  
To sponge the place; but (in a cunning kind)  
A stake hard by the priue you shall finde  
Couered with cloth, standing some halfe yeard high,  
Whereon he purges his concauity:  
And stooping downe towards the stifed stake,  
With cloth thereon his taile he cleane doth make.  
This did *Pancrates* say, then blame not me,  
I made but th' rime, let him the author be.

*In Messalam.*

**I**F thatt he Spartanes law had beene in quest  
(A naked man a naked maide possesse,  
That each by others eie might choose their loue,  
And to the sight limbes correspondence proue)  
Then had not *Messalus* beene so beguild  
To wed a woman seuen moneths gon with child.  
And to haue hornes the first day he was wed,  
Of that times growth clapt close vnto his head.

*In Feneratorem.*

**O**Ld *Fenerator* is so miserable,  
That with his vsurie he will keep no table:  
But all day long scouring his swords from rust,  
He gnawes the finewyes of some offell crust.  
Marrie tis proper to himselfe, for he gnawes



Th'artries of men by his extorting lawes.  
That if he leaue not gnawing, tis in doubt  
The fiend will gnaw his bones, within and out.

*In Frandento.*

**F**randento is retired from the warre,  
Honorable much without a wound or feare?  
Marrie his tattered clothes he came home in,  
Witnes dth indur'd the skirmishes for him.

*In Eundem.*

**G**O to *Marcella* now, and let her know  
What a great change trauaile hath brought thee too,  
In learning cleane conueiance and much more  
Skilfull to runne, then thou wast heretofore.  
And bid her not mistrust to go with thee;  
But haue an eye the prentise doe not see.

*In Tertiam.*

**T**ertia doth call me base and so is she,  
None but base pride scornes honourd poetrie:  
She'le not dispence forsooth at all with me  
Thought she my verse wrapt her in infamy:  
Yet greatly feares my *Lintius* sighted muse  
Should spie the fault she commonly doth vse.  
And troth she need not feare me t'is well seene,  
Long from her husband she disioynd hath beene.

*In Spuriam.*

**I**N this proud age a nettle-bush (spruce lasse)  
Bastard by nature's married to an asse.

Now



Now let the Genealogist calculate.  
How much the offspring will degenerate.

*Ad Lectorem.*

[F any thinke that he who writ this verse,  
Is clog'd with more faults then he can rehearse,  
Gain'st any of them whom his exasperat pen  
Hath sleightly toucht, let them know this in men:  
Ther's emulating spirits that enuie  
The prospering height of others dignitie;  
And yet mistake me not, I meane not them  
That by condigne desert aduance their fame,  
*Macerated enuie scarce speaks ill of those,*  
*Whom vertues selfe with honour doth inclose.*  
But when the muck-hill rascall ouerspread  
With heapes of vice on his presumptuous head,  
Don s such a vizard t'out face villanie,  
And sets defiance at blacke infamie,  
Thinking his greatnes can outswai's offence,  
Tis he, with whom my muse will not dispence.  
Then let all such as know their faults herein,  
Refraine their common appetite of sinne:  
For let them thinke no credit they shall get,  
By blaming th'author in reuealing it.  
And in conclusion thus; (excepting none)  
Mend each of you your selues, and hee'll mend one.

FINIS.

D



Now for the Gentleman's sake  
How much the offspring of the  
If any think that he who writes this verse  
Is cloy'd with more than that he can receive  
And if any of them whom his country  
Has highly touch'd with his pen  
There's something further to be said  
The proper height of others' dignity  
And yet mistake me not, I mean not them  
I hardly could have desired their name  
But when the muck-hill shall be spread  
With heaps of vice on his presumptuous head  
Don't such a vizard to our face villanie  
And less-desire at blacke intestine  
Thinking his greatness can outlive's offence  
Tis he, with whom my mind will not dispence  
Then let all such as know their fates be wile  
Refraine their common asperities of stile  
For let them think no credit they shall geve  
By blaming th' author in railing  
And in conclusion thus (excepting none)  
Mend each of you your selves, and let the mind be one

FINIS

D



# Times Metamorphosis:

N<sup>o</sup>. 4.

Made by

Richard Middleton.



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James M. Taylor

1874

Made by

Richard J. Taylor



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# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

OR

*Tempora mutantur & nos mutamur in illis.*



VID thy writ is true; times changed then;  
But much more now amongst this race of men.  
Are not times chang'd when *Cains* progeny  
Can flah it out in courtlike gallantrie,  
Swear, but precisely, talke demurely too?  
Not as his pleading father wont to doo,  
To make his icering voice found in the cares  
Of's clients, iudges, no, *Equestro* feares  
To attempt ought, vnworthy the degree  
Of his new knight-hood, staine to gentrie.  
But is't not strange his thoughts should so aspire  
To put in execution his desire  
Euen in the birth of his minoritie  
To mount himselfe in pride and iollity,  
And closely with his two associates,  
Adioyne themselues in company of states,  
And by insinuation purchase that  
Which some as they vnworthily haue got?  
*Equestro*, th'art a knight, il'e not conceale it,  
But many men coniecture thou didst steale it.  
Th'art chang'd with time, and time doth change with thee.  
Thy knighthoodes old, time alter that degree,  
For now a man of better worth then thou,



24  
Would rather live as his then thou art now,  
Cause such as thou dishonorest that name,  
Whilome an honour, now a publique shame.  
Our worthy poets, (*Ingenious* of wit)  
Portray these knights in colours; what for fit?  
But to be represented on a stage  
By the shanke buskind actors, who presage,  
A death of gentlemen, plentie of knights,  
Fit for the stewes, but farre vnfit for fights.

Time changes ho! when lipping *Cassius*  
Is turn'd *Venerian lasciuious*,  
Sequestering often his expected fight,  
From company of's wife lonely delight,  
And riot with a Senators choyce loue,  
Swagger whole nights: *Cassius* do not disproue  
This axiome, which *Phocylides* writ thus,  
*Veneris nouitas, augeat dedecus*,  
Doe'st thou blush *Cassius*? then I will forbear  
To whip thee further: for I do not feare  
But there is hope in thee, thou wilt amend:  
VVhen all thy losse is knowne that thou didst spend.

VVhat? finsterring *Sylvio*, thou art chang'd with time:  
An therefore subiect to a critickerime.  
But thou art sad, what is the matter man,  
Thou art so rug'd with griefe and wee began?  
Is it because thy *Griefe* is inclos'd  
In *Barabrum* imprisonment expos'd?  
Let that nor grieue thee, thou wilt keepe thy lands  
As well as *Brutus* with his hundred hands.



So thou but keep thy two hands from the dice,  
 Body from drabs, faith follow mine advice.  
 VVhat grinning now? then I haue angered thee;  
 VVhat not? O then I spie the knauerie.  
 Thy iealous wife is growne suspicious,  
 And feeles thou art not so luxurious  
 Toward her selfe as thou wert wont to be:  
 And therefore *He & vbiq.* followes thee!  
 Now I haue hit it, theres the bitter gall  
 That makes thee, drunkard, beast and prodigall.

*Monsieur Liberio* how hath time changed you?  
 You are not at Ierusalem or now,  
 But by your swartle visage, French aspect  
 (According to a vulgar intellect)  
 You haue saluted tawnie Africa,  
 Or beene in confines of faire Syria.  
 How do the Pagans now in Palestine?  
 You cannot tell, beyond *France transalpine*.  
 You did not march; O now I smell a fox,  
*France* to hot, and there you caught the adder.  
 There you lay sicke, and at your backe returning  
 Of wonders did you tell, not of your burning.  
 And gaue in out at euery ordinarie  
 Thou wouldst be married to a votarie,  
 For which deserts (meriting all mens praise)  
 Thou wert dubbed knight (I feare all in these daies).  
 How hast thou paid the Coffer mongers lasse  
 For codlings, and thy stuide? ha, you guld asse!  
 Leauc off thy iering, for most trades haue money,  
 Follow him wench, ha, wacke in the honey.  
 Hee lo.



Hee'le pay thee all, or else hee'le pawne his raiment:  
 But th'wench is sent away without her payment.  
 Fie, fie, *Liberio*, thou hadst ill respect,  
 To vndertake what thou couldst not effect.  
 But time may change thy minde, and thou maist hem  
 With measuring pace, earthly *Ierusalem*.

**P***ulchrius*, th'art chang'd a lad but yesterday,  
 Clad in a homely suit of russet gray:  
 Vailing thy bonnet to thy fathers groome,  
 Doing obeysance to each seruile clowne;  
 But now, crept into Lords affinitie:  
 And linked in a noble progenie:  
 And since your mariage in that worthy state,  
 Your pristine equals you disdaine with hate.  
 Dost thou start *Pulchrius*? do not flinke away,  
 Hearke what th'apothecaries man doth say,  
 Nay, pray you stay, I iudge that by his looke,  
 Th'art deeply fetterd in his masters booke.  
 Good morrow to your worship *Pulchrius*,  
 Here is a note but not contagious  
 Vnto your worships state, where you may know  
 What for Tobacco, what for pipes you owe,  
 What is the summe? twentie four shillings sir,  
 'Zblood, but a trifle, how you keepe a stir:  
 I'le pay you all, be it as much and more.  
*Pulchrius* for shame discharge this ancient score.  
 How, can you not, the viger of your purse,  
 Cannot so large a quantitie disburse  
 Then I perceiue by this, the best may want,  
 Money with laughter as beggers is at want.

*Barbato*



**B** *Arbato*, I salute thee, how dost man?  
 What silent, mute, or sullen? I do scan,  
 Thine adle-headed braine is studying  
 About precisenelle, or else versifying.  
 Why dost thou weare this beard? each common iade  
 Can iest at it; sh'art I do thinke t'was made  
 To stop the entrals of some empty Cushion,  
 Therfore snap't off, t'is cleane worn out of fashion  
 But thou dost thinke it shewes thy gravity,  
 And actuates thy skill in poetry.  
 A Poet said I? I haue heard it often,  
 That thou didst scandalize some Gentlewomen.  
 Making a catalogue to describe their natures  
 And dim the vertues of those choicest creatures.  
 How fare our London Poets? thou wast there,  
 But smallest profit came vnto thy share?  
 Thou couldst not frame the leuell of thy sense  
 To architect their verse; therefore from thence  
 Thou camst to Yorke, and liuest as thou was,  
 A selfe-conceited foole, a silly asse.  
 Th'art chang'd with time, & I may iudge with it,  
 The grauest *Beardmen* haue not greatest wit.

**H**ow hath time chang'd *Siguior Collegio*,  
 Mounseieur precision *Academico*.  
 That he is glewd to his apparell so,  
 One knowes not whether he doth stand or go:  
 He neuer walkes without a speciall grace,  
 Observed in decorum of his place.

E

And



And by's behauour one may well espie,  
*Collegio* doth intend to sanctifie  
 Th'exterior shew; therefore to his estate,  
 He ioines *Barbato* his assortiate.  
 In the *Cathedral* middle spacious walke,  
 These two must often commune there & talke:  
 But what their conference is, that know not I,  
 Yet I may guesse, to some conformity  
 It tends, of outward action in behauour  
 How to salute with the most easiest labour  
 As thus to bend, t' oncouer mutter words,  
 That sense to them, no sound to vs affords:  
 Or (which more liklier is) how to get glory,  
 And good esteeme of men, by seeming holy.  
 Wherein if these precisions should haue praise,  
 Time must needs change as odious to these daies.

**L**us th'art chang'd, thy voice (me thinke) is changing,  
 By haunting femals, and by often ranging  
 Into their forests; Yorke can witnesse rightly,  
 To what Saints shrine thou paies deuotion nightly.  
 For thee I scorne my eternizing pen,  
 Should range thee in this rancke of gentlemen:  
 But that I meane to shew by verse and art,  
 What a proud foole, a painted asse thou art.  
 The base dependant of a noble man,  
 If he can purchase but an old fatten suet  
 In's owne surmise hee's straight a gentleman  
 But his opinion I can well confute:

For



## TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

For *Robert Greene* doth say and wisely scan,  
A veluet sloop makes not a Gentleman.  
Then this dependant wheresoer'e he passes,  
shall be esteem'd amongst the rancke of asses.

**I** Marry Sir, what *Sapientio*?  
How hath time changed you, that thus you go  
Clad in these costly suites? not answere me?  
Then I perceiue th'art proud, O loath'd degree,  
When that which nature did prouide  
To cloath vs with, should be the meanes of pride!  
So haue I scene a muck-hill ouerspread  
With tapestry; whereon a Prince should tread:  
The tapestrie remou'd, twas then perceiu'd  
To be a muck-hill, and mens sights deceiu'd  
Like thee *Apolloes* image once was clad  
With raiment, iewels, which the *Tyrant* had.  
Yclipped *Dionysius*; O faith he,  
This garment is too much to warme for thee,  
In the estiuall of a sultring heat:  
So wert thou stripped of thy garments neat,  
And cloath'd as thou deseru'dst, then as it was  
Th'wouldst look most like an image of cold brasse:  
Num, senseles, dumbe, without accomplishment,  
Not meet to weare such proud accoustrement.  
Art thou oblidg'd in dury, to some trull,  
Thou'lt change thy selfe to such a seruile gull,  
To weare a nitty Locke of sulphred haire,  
And let it spread and dandle in the aire?



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

For shame scorcht off like *Dionysius*,  
 Let not the Barber see so monstrous,  
 So vgly a deformity in man,  
 That beares the title of a Christian.  
 I pray thee speake, what wearst it for? I see  
 Thou hast surueid the English History  
 Of our *S. George* and *Benis*; and because  
 These two did dam and stop the greedy mawes  
 Of Lions, with the fleeces of their haire  
 It therefore seemes in immitating care,  
 'Thou dost allude to them; O foolish vaine:  
 When thou wilt make that habit a disdaine,  
 'Which God gaue man for his chiefe ornament,  
 Making him image of his gouernment.  
 'Then change it, cut it off, for it may eath,  
 'Grow to such length, as may choak vp thy breath.

**I** *Ano* is chang'd from a Christmas stage,  
 Whereon he plaid a Louer that in rage  
 Did stab himselfe, vnto a husband now,  
 Pressing a palme, and making it to bow:  
 T'is knowne, although a palme supprest with waight,  
 Laid flat vpon the ground, and nere so straight;  
 Yet the more prest, the more it yeelds againe,  
 Still mounting vpward; This is *Zanoes* paine:  
 Let him waigh nere so heavy, this palme bow,  
 Iearkes vpward still, *Zano* thou must allow  
 This Axiome: thou wilt presse the palm so long,  
 Thoul't weak thy selfe, & make the bow more strong.



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

Art thou at leasure *Zano*? prethee then  
 Tell how thou stol'st thy wife: these gentlemen  
 Would gladly heare it: and you be so scornfull,  
 I wish thy gadding wife may make thee hornful.  
 Trust her not *Zano*, she may chance deceiue thee  
 And as she ran with thee, like she may leaue thee.  
 I do much feare continuance of affect,  
 Grounded vpon no worth modest respect,  
 But on a womans lustfull appetite,  
 Heat of luxurious bloud affection light,  
 That on nights prospect of spruce *Zanoes* play,  
 Should make her loue him so to run away  
 With this transformed counterfait. Strange age,  
 When womē choose their husbands on the stage:  
 But time hath wrought this change, by this we proue.  
*Women* as men, brooke no delay in loue.

**K** Infeman to Englands King, the eleuenth by name,  
 After *Brutes* landing on this chalkie frame  
 Of *Albions* Isle (founder of *Leicester* towne)  
 How canst thou frame thy selfe vnto the gowne,  
 And flat-cap; come demonstrat now some case,  
 T'wixt *Iohn* an oake, and *Iohn* at stile, your place  
 Or wit at lest cannot resolue this doubt  
 Who enters next in taile, lease date being out?  
 Pardon, *Centurio*, a mistaking sinne,  
 I tooke you for a student of Graies Inne.  
 But I haue chang'd my minde, no student now,  
 A Gentleman transformed, I know not how.



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 'Grow to such length, as may choak vp thy breath.

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 Whereon he plaid a Lover that in rage  
 Did stab himselfe, vnto a husband now,  
 Pressing a palme, and making it to bow:  
 'Tis knowne, although a palme supprest with waight,  
 Laid flat vpon the ground, and nere so straight;  
 Yet the more prest, the more it yeelds againe,  
 Still mounting vpward; This is *Zanoes* paine:  
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# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

This fable sute of rash semblable cloake,  
 Keepest no fit method, with a rapiers stroake.  
 What so soone chang'd and all vpon my words?  
 Tis well your state such change of sutes affords.  
 Now maiest thou reuell with *Mauritius* loue,  
 Absent and present, and yet neuer proue  
 The subiect to a Poets lacerating  
 In a blancke verse; since thy degenerating  
 Is now conformable, strut with a stedfast ham,  
 And scorne the drenching of an *Epigram*.

**T**ime changeth yet, behold *Ridentius*  
 The Poet that hath been so fabulous  
 Vnto the people; fir why did y'mploy,  
 Your Cambridge wits vpon so base a toy,  
 As were the Commedy, and Tragedy,  
 Which the spectators iudge most worthily  
 To be your folly? but your fluent wit,  
 Could not containe it selfe within the limit  
 Of his circumference, then in verity,  
 It belched out the dregs of Poetry.  
 Tut feare not man, be not discouraged,  
 Had but thy seuerall plaies be managed  
 With skilfull actors, they had beene thy praise,  
 Where now they'r mention'd vnto thy disgrace.  
 Calumnious spirits who maligne thy worth  
 Are those that do diuulge thy follies forth.  
 Scandals are common now, opprobrious tongues

Are



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

Are busied still to charge best men with wrongs.

Come lets consult, shall we not haue a place

'Gainst Christs natiuity? tut man say not nay

Let not thy learned nurse be silent most

When it should gaine the credit it hath lost

Let stupid wits coope vp their patched verse,

Let time obscure their works, no tongue rehearse

The *Stanzas* of their forc'd inuention,

But thine late subiect vnto reprehension.

Discharge from thy free cell, tut let 'em flee,

Worse then they were, in faith they cannot be.

There were some libels cast to scandalize

(Fetcht from the dungeon of a bare deuise)

Thy workes inuention, and thine apish action

To raile vpon; these were the giddy fashion

Of spirits turbulent, that thought to raise

A cloud, to dim the sun-shine of hy praise.

There was another schedule writ, but more,

Much more surpassing those that went before.

Then the xpert Souldier trained to the wars

Doth the vnskilfull.

I had a sight out now if my memory

Faile not my meaning, heres the mystery.

*Kisses* new fashions, *Kisses* cal'd may be:

For th'asse that writ it, is a reeling Babie:

He and the actors of this *Comedy*

Do spill their Barmy wits in foppery:

But tis no matter how the Scene doth passe,

Th'actors are asses, and the author asse,

After the Scene is laught at in the hall,

The



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

The booke would serue stop mustard pots withall:  
For in this stile, no method is or sence,  
Therefore it is tedious to the Audience.

**G***Raccius* th'art chang'd indeed, and tis not strange,  
In thee to see so often wauering change.

First priuate man, next a faire Ladies spouze,  
Supposed *Mæchus* wandering curre to rouze  
The tameſt Deere, next turning Caualeere  
To swagger, carp, confute, raile, domineere  
In euery ordinary, and from his loud pheere  
To sequester himſelfe oft in the yeere.

*Graccius* how art thou chang'd ſince ſhe is dead  
With whom vnworthy thou didſt couch in bed?

Marry vnto the Tyrants brazen bull

Of *Agrigentine*, which being crammed full  
Of humane corps, did roare with ſuch a maine,  
As though it ſenſles felt, yet felt no paine:

So thou full gorg'd with wine, begins to brall  
In ſcornd diſdaine, and feareleſſly to call  
This man a leaden aſſe, and this a dolt,  
This a moſt ſimple gull, this a wild colt.

And with ſuch calling ſpeeches, ſcurrill ieſts,  
Thou makeſt muſick at their ſolemnſt feſts:

But would the Gentiles be aduiſ'd by me,  
They ſhould ſo canuas thy ſcurrillity,  
That thou durſt neuer once preſume to name  
An honeſt ſpirit to a publike ſhame:

But they are wiſer, knowing when th'art full  
With cups of wine, to bellow like the Bull.



**A** Great change, behold *Calpurnius*,  
 The Poet that hath beene ridiculous  
 For's misbehaviour; how now man, what newes?  
 What stir in Ireland? do the kerne refuse  
 To become subiect, do the rugged slaues  
 Continue (as they wont) rebellious knaues?  
 Prethee recite, or let thy muse relate,  
 Thou bearest a register, within this pate  
 Of pristine acts: they say that thou canst write,  
 Much like a Poet critike, and indite  
 Most Clearkly; I't not true? Most true indeed:  
 I thanke m'inspiring *Genius*, for a need,  
 Ile summon vp the subiect of my wit,  
 And inact wonders with a ryming fit.  
 Faith mad-caps, if I do vncase my pen  
 To write the basest subiects; what will then  
 Insue? i'le dim the brightnesse of the skie  
 With pithy verses of my poetry.  
 But I am mute, let other Poets rage,  
 I keep my studies for a publike stage:  
 Yet must my wit containe it selfe in bounds,  
 Lest (*Acteon*-like) it feed his owne deaths hounds.  
 Tis well (*Calpurnius*) I see thou art wise,  
 Thou'lt not diuulge thingenious mysteries  
 Mongst guls, these iron-witted Plebeians,  
 These rustlike animals Stercorians.  
 Containe thy selfe, let not each seruile swaine  
 Hug thee within his armes, and drink the gaine.  
 Leauē but thy guzling, and abandon pots,



Thou'lt make an hundred of our Poets lots.  
 Trust me *Calpurnius* I affect thee much,  
 And if thou prou'st me, thou shalt find me touch.  
 Duely vse company apt for thy degree:  
 And all thy fault' shall rest conceald for me.

**T**ime Changeth still, and we are chang'd with time:  
 And I haue chang'd the methode of my time  
 To a more generall Criticke; who can containe  
 His patientst wit, within a silent straine,  
 That sees *Pandulphoes* pride, Attourneies gowne,  
 Waue with the wanton wind, himfelfe a clowne,  
 Swadled in selfe opinion, but in sense,  
 (If brought to prooffe) an infant? get thee hence  
*Pigmei*-attourney, actor, Christmas plaier,  
 I scorne to seat thee in my verses chaire.  
 But what is he of such a brazen sense,  
 Obiect opinion, duld with his offence,  
 That sees and duely marks the vacillation  
 Of *Stadins* mind, his vsury transmigration?  
*Fulsius* lasciuious habit, pride and gesture?  
*Lscinus* periury? *Tarnis* pillred vesture?  
*Pharmachus* fain'd deuotion, fond precisenesse?  
*Pant alias* luxury, and admired nicenesse?  
 Her fie, nay fie, away, what do you meane?  
 Thinke you my state, shal warrant me a Queene?  
 Who would not thinke that sees *Flaminus* brauling?

*Quintus*



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

*Quintius* revolted? and *Tarquinius* falling  
From true religion: but that heauens great frame,  
Should scatter thunderbolts to ding the same  
Vnto eternall darknesse? or that the earth  
Should euen haue swallowed all these at their birth:  
Whō with their severall crimes are so wrapt in  
By times swift change, *Sin is with them no Sin.*  
I hate m'aspiring muse should once descend,  
To marke the base imploiment, or attend  
To character th'umors of *Foenor* Son,  
Scrutting *Fraudento*; whose impression,  
Is so far discrepant from modesty:  
As it is next to pride and foolery.  
I scorne to write of euery Lawyers lad,  
Who like some of our new dubbd Knights are clad  
And iet with such presumption in the street,  
They'le not vaile bonnet to the best they meet.  
Great change of time: O times impurity,  
When such base slaues assume gentility!  
Yet for their pride & that doth bring the loathing  
They'r *Aesops* apes, trickt vp in costly cloathing  
Mongst whom being taught to daunce, maske, walke vp-  
Wherein the lookers on tooke great delight. (right,  
A learned *Philosopher* did scatter nuts,  
Then they left dauncing, fell to feed their guts:  
So these base off-springs, asses in their gestures,  
Painted like Apes, and images in their vestures,  
Do what they can, sweeten themselves with fumes.



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

They're but blacke crowes deckt with the peacocks  
plumes.

**A**Nd now at last, times *Metamorphosis*  
Concords now with my rymes *Antiphrasis*.  
A Satyr lately, now in mildie stile,  
I meditate and muse, and musing smile,  
To thinke how th' readers will conceit my verse,  
Wherein *Paraphrased* I do rehearse  
Times objects, men in times conformity,  
Chang'd into villanous enormity.  
Saith one, he lackes his wits, and wants his senses  
To write of nothing, but of mens offences.  
O, saith another, he is too too plaine,  
He doth not vse a criticke Poets vaine:  
He describes men too large; the third doth say,  
Then why should we, his harsh inuectiues way?  
And troth, the last opinion in my sense  
Deserues best praise, why shold men take offence?  
To read their owne intemperate vice portraide,  
When others to their teeth their faults vpbraid:  
But euery man will haue a feuerall censure,  
To wrest my verses with a false coniecture:  
'Gainst the intention: No iudicious spirits,  
I enuy no man, or maligne their merits.  
Such bitter stinging gall was neuer mixt  
With purenesse of my stile: nor haue I fixt  
My humble muse, vpon so high a pin,  
That it should scourge the world, publish all's sin

This



# TIMES METAMORPHOSIS.

This I protest, (and I will stand vnto it)  
Twas no malignant fury made me do it:  
*But 'twas the revolutions of these times,  
And mens retrogradians made these Rimes.*

**FINIS.**

